She Seeks, and Knows the Choicest Lie Low for Easter Openings.

Just Walt Until After Lent and Vlow Beildering Gowns to Every Hue, With Germann Skirts of Pashion New, and Hats of Chip in Green and Blue-Queen Wilhelmins, Edna Lyall, Miss Willard. Mrs. Burton Harrison, Miss Harriet Munree, and Duse, the Peacinating-Anniversary of the Oldest Woman's Club, an, and German Universities, a Vienna Spinsters' Exchange - The Revival of Miniature Painting in London, and Sweet Fanny Kemble's Picture of 1881 Forecasting Latest Modes of To-day.

One may wander about the shops in a delightfully desultory fashion, enjoying the sucon of novelties which each day is temptingly spread out upon the counters, undisturbed by the agony of selection, undistracted by the perplexities of the personal equation. For the wise woman is wary, and waits new developments before purchasing any but what might be called the secondary gowns, those simple cheviots and challies and cottons which are the corner stone of the art of good dress-



ing, even as the satins and velvets and laces are its minarets and domes. She knows, too, despite the blandishments of the salesman and the fascination of those novelties which | heliotrope. Sometimes it is of straw with her quick eye discovers among last year's left-over stock, that the choicest patterns, the latest designs, are still packed away for the Easter openings, and this modern St. Anthony feminine resolutely hardens her heart and tightens her purse strings as the exquisite shadings of the new silk and wool fabrics, remosting in softer tones last season's colorings appeal to her sense of the beautiful.

It is to be a season of exceeding brilliancy and extravagance in color effects. Even the cheviots have caught the craze and flaunt a perfect abandonment of color, and the staid serges, long valued for their sobriety, show a ess tendency to frivolity, with their dots and flecks of colored allk. In the cheviote the threads are of a great variety of brillian



shades, woven in together with a studied produces a rich effect not previously character. istic of this very useful fabric. The serges show embroidered dots or an occasional cross stitch like the Berlin embroidery, of brilliant color and worked in with silk. These bits of brightness are separated by inch spaces and are sometimes arranged in a pattern of diamonds or rings of two colors, as scarlet and white on a blue ground. The wale of the serge is wide and heavy; the favorite colors, blue with a stitch of red. A pretty model for one of the plain nursing gowns, for which they are especially adapted, has a full, short skirt, trimmed with five graduated rows of Hercules braid, a short, round bodice, edged with the braid, and opening in graceful revers over a bit of red silk crossed with the braid in narrow lines. Full sleeves have a turned-back cuff of the silk, covered with braid just above the elbow, and a close-filted lower sleeve, edged with a piping of red at the wrist. The back of the skirt is gathered and sewed to the lower edge of the bedies, which has no seams, and is finished across the bottom with the braid like a round waist. The model is particularly serviceable for travelling, business, or morning wear, and is equally effective in chevict or serge. Another gown safe to buy and even to have made during the lenten vacation, when women apparently renounce the world that they may have time to consider its livery, is one of Swiss or organdis muslin. The Bwiss muslins have dots of white beside a pattern of flowers in clusters, iestoons, or shadowy sprays. The organdies have stripes or bars of white among their flower sprays, which copy the dainty patterns and colors of Dreaden or the bolder designs of old wall payage and crotonness, with long-stemmed flowers, sometimes four or five inches in length. bit of red slik crossed with the braid in narrow



The challies have silk lines, either single lines or clusters of stripes, or bars all in white, with pretty chine patterns. Now, a chine pattern, for the benefit of the uninitiated, is one in which the edges of the figures are not well defined, but slightly blurred, as if the pattern had slipped or the colors had run, producing a soft and shadowy effect extremely artistic. Now, the muslin gowns may be made over white or colored silk, or, if it is desired to have them very inexpensive and simple, white lawn may be used as a lining. The skirts are gathered to a belt, made short enough to escape the ground, frimmed with ruffles or with bands of insertion. If the muslin is made up over a color, these rows of insertion are let into the skirt to show the color through. If the lining is white, the strips of insertion are put in over ribbons.

WAITING DEVELOPMENTS.

Pretty model, which may be utilized for any of the cottons or challes, even the simple china silks in the wash colors has a spray of green and a white ground silped with small and delicate flowers of violet. The lining is green silk and shows through the bands of insertion which finish the skirt. A lace yoke, which may be lined or not as the wester fancies, has a deep ruffle of lace, with full puffs of the muslin at the ton. The folded waist has a soft scarf of green tied about and finished with a bow without ends at the back. A pretty idea for a bodies to a wash gown has a plaited collarette edged with see gathered about the neck and falling out over the shoulders. It slopes to the folded bible in front, but is sut to a point in the back in the form of a yoke.

She Seeks, and Knows the Choicest.



the belt. Another bodice has a fichu-like drapery of flace forming ruffles over the sleeves and crossing in front beneath the belt to outline a yoke, long on the shoulder and plain, which may be of lace or fine needlawork, ord the material laid in tiny plaits with fine bias stitchings or hand-run tucks.

Slender women take kindly to the quaint old fashion of wearing satin ribon frills as a finish for the lower edge of the bodice. The ribbon is of the heaviest quality, and is plaited so full that it stands out straight about the hips, rather emphasizing the slenderness of the waist and calling attention to the graceful slope of the hips instead of adding to the size of either. Large women would commit the most unpardonable of errors in considering this fashion for an instant. The ribbon is carried up over the shoulder as well, where it is again plaited to stand out in stiff epaulettes over the sleeve puffs. In a primrose yellow satin gown this odd mode is found associated with another odd fushion, that of using white mousseline de sole frills and puffings on a colored gown. The flounce about the bottom is of white, draped in festoons, with hows of yellow satin ribbon, and the dress is designed for that daughter and darling of the gods, she who is divinely tail.

FESTIVE IS THE NEW SPRING HAT. That Gay and Frivolous Creation of Chip in Green and Blue.

Distracting, is it not, to have the shop win dows full of new bonnets when one honestly desires to renounce the "devil and all his works", through the Lenten fast? The new spring hat may be classified as a gay and frivolous creation of chip in green or blue or



strands of many colors interwoven like the felt braiding worn through the winter. Or it may be of leghorn in the old "flat" shape, the brin drooping in becoming curves and big roses lying luxuriantly in beds of fine and filmy lace on the crown. One hat there is with an inch-high crown of leghorn braid and a shirred crèpe de Chine brim of blue caught up on one



side to make a nestling place for a haudful of pink buds against the hair. Another feature of the spring hat is the dropping lace festconed about its brim. It has feath-ers, too; not the erect and self-confi-dent greatdler guards we have worn, but softly curling, shyly conscious baby tips



with roses playing at hide and go seek in and out of their soft plumes. The spring hat is demure: therefore it will bear close watching. It is likely to surprise us with Machiavellan propensities for deep laid schemes to startle.



and has a sweet, appealing grace in its cor-ness and quaintness that will conquer its critics and disarm its disparagers.

GERMAN UNIVERSITY EDUCATION Through Persistent Effort is Slowly Open-ing Up to Women of the Fatherland.

Germany, the land of scholars, the home of the university, is slowly, and indeed unwillingly, awakening to the fact that women have some capabilities and aspirations beyond those exercised in the economy of rearing German soldiers for the Kalser and superintending the cooking for his subjects. The concurrence of opinion is still that women should have no ambition beyond this destiny appointed by fate and honored by tradition. appointed by fate and honored by tradition. A German wife said that the German lover will die for you before marriage. After the knot is tied he will have you clean his boots for him if he is poor. If he is rich he expects you to do the same mentally, and education beyond that which enables you to be his servant lessens your value as a wife. But, despite popular sentiment, there is to be established this year the first girls' university college in the country, where girls may prepared for university work, as the boys are prepared in their colleges. The success of this institution, which is under the charge of a society known as the "Frauenbildunge-Reform Verein," is of special interest to American students, for one of the strongest arguments urged against opening the German universities to women has ever been that women were not prepared for the university and could not pass the examinations for admittance. According to German law, between the ages of 12 and 17 mixed classes could not be established, and, as the girls had no preparatory schools of their own and might not enter those for boys, the universities seemed safe from innovation through all time. But this association of women, whose one great aim is the opening of universities to women, are clever enough to outwit even the learned and obstinate directors in the university, and are determined that the daughters of the fatheriand shall enjoy their inheritance of the intellectual wealth for which the German empire is renowned. A German wife said that the German lover A SPINSTERS' EXCHANGE

Where Lone and Lorn Vienna Maldens

The maidens of Vienna have started a spinster club, with the object, as they avow, of bringing about the speedy and happy marriage of its members. Bachelors of guaranteed respectability desirous of wedded bliss are to be registered, introduced to available parties, and a record will be kept of the various excellent qualifications of mutual members of both sexes. All of which about as utopian and practical as an acciation of spinsters would arrange it. In the first place, only the most utterly abject of maids unwed. spinsters would arrange it. In the first place, only the most utterly abject of maids unwed, as forlorn are a rubber shoe run down at the heel, as devoid of hone and promise as a liepublican Postmaster, would ever consent to be enrolled among the members of this society with the audable aim. And after they have organized, what are they going to do about it? How will the blind lead the blind? How is one spinster to tell another how to bring Barkis to the proper state of willingness? A lie-year-old girl in her bridal veil, with the bright new ring under her wedding glove, knows more about the philosophy of getting a husband than the whole body politic of worthy and intellectual spinster-hood. Another point: Who ever knew a man to want what he could have as well as not. It is ever the bud on the topmost limb, not the flower on the lower branch, that the man risks his life for. If Helen of Troy and Cleopatra of Egypt had united with any syndicate of maidens forlorn avowing their willingness to enter the marriage state, the Illiad would never have been written. Mark Antony might have posed as a model of marital fidelity. The only hope for the Vienna sisterhood is that they will secure the services of some attractive widow in second mourning, some beautiful and stately will sumpresented by her husband, to teach them the mysteries of the art of snaring hearts. If the members do not disband the society promptly, they will oblige each of its members to awear a deep and deadly oath never to marry at ali. This will not be a secret oath; it will be inscribed on the badges of the club, and large fines will be imposed if the badge is not worn constantly. If some unwary man does not rise at this fly, the Vienness maidens might as well seek the consolations of religion, knowing that because of their worth and excellence they are set apart for something more noble than the marriage state. The average husband couldn't appreciate them.

SELF-POSSESSED AND UNASSUMING Was Mrs. Burton Harrison as Seen at s Woman's Club.

Mrs. Burton Harrison seems to be a woman favored of the gods, rejoicing in that trinity of richness, brains, beauty, and social place. She is a plump, sweet-faced woman, with fair hair, looking much younger than one expects, and showing no trace of the burden or anxiety of literary work in her serene, unlined face. Seen recently at a woman's club she was selfpossessed but unassuming, the faultless simplicity of her gown in marked contrast with the gorgeous bedizenment of the women about her. For the women of note, particularly those still only in the borderland of the charmed country where laurel crowns grow on hedges and gold guineas pave the highways, are as prone to overdress as were their prototypes too much inclined to severity of attire in the days when the title of bluestocking was originated. much inclined to severity of attire in the days when the title of bluestocking was originated. One can forgive a woman of ability for wearing her own hair and parting it, her own waist where the Lord made it, and for clinging to simple gowns and bonnets. But it is hard to reconcile trains with too many diamonds, too many furbelows, too extreme modes, and too much of everything at the wrong time and place. "It is not fair," some one said as the women with anxious faces, crazy-locking bonnets, and perfectly demoralized veils crowded about the serene, smiling woman who had done what they were trying so laboriously to do. "Mrs. Harrison has it all—home, husband, talent, beauty, friends—everything that is dear to women. At least her trick of teiling graceful tales might have been given to the woman who has missed the rest." Among the tributes to her talent which Mrs. Harrison values most highly for its sincerity is the praise of a Western rancher who named his dog Pink, after the girl in her story. "Crow's Nest," and told a friend of hers travelling through the region that the magazine containing the story had "been gll around the range." "But it always comes back," he added, "for I've threatened to shoot the boy that keeps it."

HOLLAND'S LITTLE QUEEN. Wilhemina With Her Childish Simplicity of Dress and Tastes.

If any little American maid who is a queen by right divine and has had her will and way ever since she could hold a rattle box, even i he doesn't know it, thinks it would be a fine thing to be a real Queen with a crown of gold and jewels, and to wear her Sunday things every day, it will be well for her to read something of what is expected of Queen Wilhemins of Holland. In the first place she has as many corner stones to lay, ships to christen, and great bazaars to open as does that overworked man, the Prince of Wales. Then there are lessons to learn from masters and mistresses galore. Indeed, at a great court festivity the child Queen was heard consoling one of her cousins who was complaining of lessons, saying: "I, too, must learn such a stupidly stupid tot." Already, she speaks equally well Dutch, French, English, and German and masters come every day to teach aer other branches. She is fond of music, and shows considerable promise of talent, inheriting this tasts from her father, who once composed an opera. There is but an half-hour's respite from the lessons in the morning, and in the afternoon there is always the cooking and sawing, for every Dutch malden must be a good Hausvrow. A retinue of thirty dolls the little girl has of all sorts and conditions, but an addition to her numerous family gives her greater pleasure than anything else. The German Emperor sent her at Christmas a whole regiment of lead soldiers in most resplendent uniform. Some day the baby Louise will teach her father what a waste of money it is to send soldiers to a girl. When these dolls are very, very bad, after the manner of dollies the world over, their royal mother punishes them by making them how, and bow, and bow to an imaginary public, which the Queen thinks is the most disagreeable thing one can have to do. This doll family lives in a chalet in the garden, and here the Queen trings all the friends who come to visit her. They play at housekeeping, just as all little girls do, and the Queen always insists on being the servant. It was the Princess Victoria, who, when a child, went to visit a dear old lady that allowed her to do just as she pleasod, and she allowed her to do just as she pleasod, and she sandy pleased to have a pail of sude and wash the windows. Williamina of fielland doesn't begin to have the pretry things to wear that the little girl wears the passant dress of the different provinces when she fravels through them, and when her to lay, ships to christen, and great bazaars to open as does that overworked man, the Prince

weeks' visit, she must ask permission of the Ministers of State; and by-and-by she may not fall in love with some dear ack or Tom of her choosing, and never tell at all until the day he asks papa; for the marriage of the Queen will be arranged by the State for some-thing of much more consequence to the old Dutch diplomats than a girl's happiness.

THE TWENTY-PIFTH ANNIVERSARY

Was that of the New England, the Oldent Woman's Club in the Country. The New England Woman's Club is on the eve of its twenty-fifth birthday, and congratulates itself on being the first woman's club of the country, outdating Sorosls by about a month in organization. Two unique features distinguish this famous body of noted women. The first and most unusual among women's societies is that from the first, men. few in number, to be sure, have been and are still club members in regular standing; the other is that the club has had for many years a club house of its own, sub-letting such rooms one club in New York also rejoices in in the control of an entire house, and, oddly enough, it is a club of working girls. Even rich and fashionable Scrosis has not even a fashionable restaurant are disturbed by the decorators festooning the surrounding rooms for the social functions always crowded in during the season. The New England Woman's Club is a progressive and earnest institution. The recreation of its members consists in studying foreign languages, political economy, natural economy, and other light and frivolous themes. The more serious work comprises questions of dress reform, homes for working women, educational politics, and philanthropic movements. The club rooms are always open, and regular monthly meetings are held both for social chats over the teacups and for business of more serious import. The club is not committed as a body to suffrage, but includes many suffragists in its membership and does not taboo the subject as does Sorosis, one of the fixed rules of the latter club being that neither politics, religion, nor men shall disturb the serenity of its deliberations and discussions. fashionable restaurant are disturbed by the

EDNA LYALL,

The Young Authoress at Work Again-She Tells About Herself.

After a long period of illness Edna Lyall has taken up her pen, or rather her typewriter, again, for the writer of "Donovan" and "Knight Errant" finds the practical machine guite as sympathetic a medium of communication as the more poetical quill. The nom de plume is but a transposition of the writer's real name, Ada Ellen Bayly, and was first signed to a little book, "Won by Waiting." written when the girl was not 18. in the shadow of Lincoln Cathedral, "Donovan" and its sequel followed, and it was not until they had made her famous that even her most intimate friends knew that the author was the young churchwoman of the ancient city of Midlands. who was known to them as Miss Bayly. The new novel now in process of composition is a story of the civil war, and will be brought out under the name of "To Right the Wrong," a title not particularly pleasing to the writer. who desired to name her book "Jocelyn." for the hero, but deferred to the wishes of her publishers. "I always send in two or three suggestions to my publishers and allow them to make the choice. Their judgment is surely better than mine." very modestly confesses the successful young writer. She adds, too, that she never writes short stories, and believes the effort of composing one would be quite as great as for a novel. "I like to have a novel in hand," she explains, "but to have several small tasks in the shape of articles and stories would, I am afraid distract me. I am frequently favored with requests for such contributions, and really wish I might deal in this way with one or two subjects that are dear to me, but I don't think I have this gift of exposition."

The liberalism which pervades Miss Bayly's work is a living and active principle of her nature. Is it not surprising, then, to know that she is one of the officers of a liberal association of women? But she leaves the work to her colleagues and at heart believes that the work of women should not be unduly aggressive.

Her political creed may be briefly summed up in the words: "I think personally that women should have the suffrage as a matter of right and justice, but, unfortunately, the admission of the injustice of a principle cannot always be at once followed by its practical recognition. Nor do I think there is now any undue impatience about the question among liberal women." afraid, distract me. I am frequently favored

GREEK DRESS.

A New and Beautiful Illustration of it Seen

on the London Stage. Whenever a pretty woman realizes the possibilities of a Grecian gown the conviction is fect garb for womankind. Of course, it seems a bit incongruous to think of the girl typewriter or cashier trailing down to business in this flowing tunic, but if we had never departed from the Grecian ideals, and didn't spend so much money on French dressmakers and their whims, we might not need go to busines at all. The woman who really wears the Greek gown, not she who hangs it on herself as on a closet peg, and who lives in it instead of masquerading, directly becomes unconscious of her attire. Her body acquires expression.



HYPATIA.

There is another beautiful feature of the Greek toilet, the arrangement of the hair. The London actress who is playing Hypatia says that Grecian women paid more attention to their hair than any people the world has known. She arranges her yellow tresses in a most peculiar way, which she considers archeologically correct, which has the sanction of Alma Tadema, the artist who designed her dress. There is a wide sliken mesh at the back supporting the knot and dividing into two bands, which cross the top of the head in fillet fashion.

The dress she wears is a double square of crapy texture, exquisitely soft and white, and is draped about her figure with turquoise and ruby clasps. The fulness in the back Miss Neilson claims is the embryonic idea of the Watteau pleat. Over this dress a second plece of drapery is wound like a mantle. The feet are covered with the most transparent of slik hose, made like gloves, with places for each toe, and over these are strapped, with many crossings of leather, the flat, solid sandals.

MINIATURE PAINTING.

It is Revived in London and it Promises to be Popular in America.

There is something exquisitely rare and delicate in the quaint old art of miniature painting, which has been revived along with the other modes and fancies of yester year. The miniature dates back to the days of illuminated missals and parchments, and was painted on veilum, on gold or silver, with opaque pigments, in the old days when the knight errant rode to tourneys with his fair lady's face beneath his coat of mail, and the maiden in the tower wore upon her breast the jewel-rimmed likeness of her brave lover.

And miniatures have this advantage over portraits, so fine and small are they, so like unto a jewel or a trinket that the hand of the vandal scares them, and they are treasured after family portraits have been consigned to the oblivion of the garret or auction room by people that unlike our aristocracy of wealth have more grandfathers than they know what he do with A representative col-



the art of miniature painting to great perfection and whose work was noted for careful and elaborate detail. Holbein was another great miniature painter in England, and Hoskins reproduced the ladies of Charles II.'s court and the famous French beauties of the



day as well. But later came the ambrotype and the daguerrootype and all the rest down to the photograh, prosaic and practical, like all machine-made productions; and the subtler art with its fine sentiment languished.

Now in the great rensissance the miniature once more is recognized as the most faithful and beautiful of fac-similes, and the faces of famous London ladies are being reproduced in delicate water colors on thin sheets of ivory, to be set in gold or jeweis for pins or locketa. The miniatures shown are selected from a collection recently shown in London.

What London does we do as soon as we know how, and consequently when there appeared a collection of exquisitely painted miniatures at the famous jeweiler's in the square, New York ladies sought out the young English artist. Miss Ethel Webling, and have been listening to a series of parlor talks given by her at their request on the subject of miniatures and miniature painting. Miss Webling painted pictures when other little girls would have played with dolls, and, though she looks very youthful with her short brown curls, has been a regular exhibitor at the lityal Academy for many years, and has come here to exhibit her work at the Chicago Fair.

THE ITALIAN ACTRESS.

Her Face, Her Hair, Her Pose, and Her Dress-She Fascinates.

Youth and beauty and talent has Eleonors Duse, and besides these, perhaps greater than these, the supreme gift of fascination, Whether it is the intensity of her feeling or the sincerity of her art, the winsomeness of her personality or the witchery of her eyes, that weaves the spell you never know. You give up trying to analyze your admiration, to classify your sentiments, long before the first act is over. You decide that being fascinated is an intoxicating condition, confusing to logi-cal processes of reasoning, but you enjoy it.

Eleonora Duse is a dozen women in one, and you are in love with them all. She is tall and slight, with the pose of a queen and the lissome, sinuous grace that only slender women know. Her face in repose is pale and earnest to the point of sadness, and is framed in a cloud of dead black hair combed up carelessly from a full. low brow. Her mouth is strong than small, with beautiful white teeth, and an odd trick of pursing the lips in a pouting and kissable sort of way when she is gracious. Her smile is spontaneous and sweet, her expression constantly changing. The eyes are as dark as midnight shadows and as full of mystery. They blaze with passion and melt in tenderness. They grind your heart to pulp with their sorrow or goorn, they woo and win it with the radiance of their smile. They translate her Italian speech into the purest English for your comprehension. You suffer with Camille, you laugh with Cyprienne, you die with Cleopatra, undisturbed by the jabbering Italians on the stage. You forget the actress in the woman, so free is her acting from stage mannerisms.

in the woman, so free is her acting from stage mannerisms.

Her dress, too, is quite the reverse of bizarre or eccentric, and might be worn in a parior as well as behind the footlights. One odd feature you notice, and it is that inside her low-necked gowns she wears a guimpe of sprigged lace, the border fastened up high and smooth about the throat like a collar, the fulness tucked down carelessly into the neck of her gown. It reminds you of the days when Bernhardt used to muffle her throat in frills and fine laces. But watching the proud polise of the head one forgets all about the bit of lace, save, perhaps, to wonder why more women do not wear this modest decoration.

Perhaps after all it is her dignity that charms you most. She never quite loses it, even as the spoiled and frivolous Cyprienne. In her jealousy she sweeps the stage like an offended queen, but never stoops to the petulance of women less confident of their charm.

FANNY KEMBLE IN 1881. She Wore Very Much Such a Gown as Fash

In the early pictures of Fannie Kemble painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence one recog-nizes how faithfully the dress of to-day copies the modes of the past. If the gifted woman of the year 1831 should step out from her frame all in her muslin gown with its full leg-o'-mutton sleeves, its short bodice draped with crosswise folds over the bust, and out low about the shoulders, and step the stately measure of the minuet with belies of the day, her toilet would be quite in keeping with those fresh from the Parisian designers. Even the



FANNY REMBLE IN 1831.

colffure would scarcely be called old fashioned, but on the contrary ultra and in advance of the mode, for all the sweet ladies are training their bangs to lie demurely down each side the parting, and the woman with the oval face daringly twists the front hair low over the ears in the old fashion. All manner of old ansodores are now, of course, revived and retold with interest of the gliffed woman, but none have greater plauancy of interest than her own granhle story of her first night's fright. As she stood trembling in the wings. Mr. Reeley came up and said in his comical, nervous voice: "Don't mind them. Miss Kemble. Don't think of them any more than as if they were so many rows of cahhaucs." But she did mind them very much. When the nurse called Juliet she was greeted with such applause that her eyes filled with tears. She clung to her mother like achild, contronting them like a terrified creature at bay, But in the next scene she forgot her fear, and played the part with triumphant success.



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PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT.

This Question New Pertains to the Manage

most important feature of a lady's wardrobe is her petticoat, and not infrequently this now giorified article of apparel, which was once modestly hidden beneath the gown. forms the keynote of the entire costume. A poetic production of lace and silk destined to form part of a bride's trousseau is of pale blue form part of a bride's trousseau is of pale blue glasse silk with a brocade of pink rosebuds. In the edge of the hem is a pinked ruffle of the brocade; above this is a pinked flounce of plain pink silk with a white lace ruffle falling entirely over it, and the two flounces are put on beneath a ruching made of a strip of pink silk over a wider one of blue, each pinked on the edges and plaited through the centre. From this ruche fails over the lace a fringe of loops of hebe ribbon, pink and blue alternated. Plain Brussels net flounces, with beadings through which colored ribbons are threaded, are also prettily frilled on the petticoat, which is now a veritable edition de luxe.



or so full are the new skirts made that their cost is greatly increased by the amount of material required. My lady will be called upon to renounce her pet luxury of silk lin-ings, too, unless her allowance be regal, for the new skirts consume almost twice the ma-terial required for last season's gowns,

A Feminine Poet Laurente.

A young poet laureate, and a woman as well, is a pleasant, if unfamiliar, picture. One likes to fancy the chaplet resting on a white, unwrinkled brow. And the poet laureate of the Chicago Fair is all of this, and a society girl much sought after besides. It all happened in such an interesting way, too. On presenting a volume of Shelley's poems to a favorite brother she wrote upon the fly leaf an ode to the author. The brother, struck with its originality, sent it to the Century, where it was accepted, to the delight of Harriet Munroe's friends and the wonder of the poet herself. Her book is receiving effusive praise from the press, though the critics are inclined to condemn it as mediocre. Her Commemoration Hymn has brought her more recognition since it was written than the average poet receives in a lifetime. much sought after besides. It all happened in

The Bounty of the Ostrich, In each wing of an ostrich twenty-six white plumes grow to maturity every eight months. Seventy-five short feathers besides are plucked for tips from each wing. Sixty-five of the tail feathers have commercial value. The fetail feathers have commercial value. The female ostrich lays seventy eggs a year. Think
of it, you women who are making a dozen corset covers for 24 cents and furnishing your
own thread. Think, you wives who ask your
husbands for a quarter once a week only to be
questioned what you did with the quarter you
had week before last. What an investment an
ostrich would be! All the feathers you like to
wear yourself and nearly 300 a year besides
from a single bird. The goose with the golden
egg industry is quite distanced by this bird of
the desert which dines contentedly on shingle
nails and thrives on broken china.

She Recognized the Quitt.

An old lady, looking out of the window of a cable car in Kansas City the other day, saw in one of the yards a silk patchwork quilt, old and faded, banging on the line. Instantly she stopped the car, went into the house and found, as she knew she would, an old friend she had not seen in years. She recognized the quilt as one she had seen her friend plecing in central Missouri eighteen years before.

A very pretty girl stepped into a crowded car on the College avenue line. She belonged in the High School, and wasn't in the harit of standing up. The car was full, but everybody else had a seak. Seven men held down the most available ones, and, strange to relate, not one of them appeared to be aware that a young woman was compelled to stand.

The pretty girl, with a quick glance of disgust about the car, took in the situation and blushed somewhat indignantly. She had a long distance to ride, and couldn't cling gracefully to a strap. Two squares had been travelled when an idea took possession of her classical mind. Out came the miniature purse from the embroidered silk reticule, and the little hands fumbled among a few silver coins. A nickel dropped to the floor and rolled to the far end of the car. This is part of the plan, but it is executed dexterously, and the pessengers pity her. She blushed and murmured. "How awkward of me." Unsteadily she started after the nickel, but seven men intercepted the movement and rushed to the point, as the artful maiden dropped into a comfortable seat with a sigh, and defliy hid a roguish smile.

The five-cent place was tendered by a man who assumed her place at the strap. She thanked him and looked all innocence.

From the Laution Evening Journal.

It is related that a Waterville woman. Mrs. J. M. Cook. once had a very remarkable vision. In her dreams she met a man with a peculiar physiognomy, who said to her. "Jour turn next," and then disappeared. The next morang she remembered the man's face perfectly, but could not recall under what circumstances she met him. Again she dreamed the same thing. For weeks and months after she would occasionally have the same dream without the sightlest variation. She begran to he seriously troubled over the occurrence, and at length decided to leave town.

She had been in Philadelphia a few days when she had occasion to go into one of the

large buildings. Upon the second floor a noticed that there was an elevator, and deel ed to wait for it. Just at that moment it can down, and, as it went by the second-sto landing, a voice within said. Tour turn next. This startled Mrs. Cook, but she thought merely accidental that these were the precises words of her dream, and resolved to repress her foars. The elevator came up and stopped. She almost fainted when she saw that he was the perfect image of the man of her dream. Her terror can better be imagined than described. She recovered herself quickly, and, ordering the elevator to stop at the next landing, she got out. The elevator went on, but a short distance from the third istory something gave way, and the elevator crashed to the basement, killing the man instantly.

Husband and Wife for 17 Years,

From the Eaness City Times.

NEVADA, Mo., Jan. 30.—There alighted from the southbound Missouri, Kansas and Taxas passenger train to-day perhaps the oldest married counie in Missouri. They were Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Quick of Appleton City, and they were on their way to Rich Hill with their sons. W. H. Quick, their home, with all its contents, at Appleton City, having been destroyed by fire last Friday. The old gentleman was born in Albemarle county, Vs.. in 1794, and has voted for every nomines of the Democratic party for Fresident, his first vote being east for James Monroe. He came to Missouri in his 21st birthday. She was born in Bowling Green, Ry., ninety-six years ago, and came to Missouri with her parents when she was only 2 years of age. Both Mr. and Mrs. Quick have been members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, nearly sixty years. From the Kansas City Nimes.

A Curtous Marriage Ceremony, From the London Weekly Sun.

Some interesting notes have been contributed to a North Borneo newspaper by Ma. Creagh, the Governor of British North Borneo, respecting a recent visit made by him to the island of Banguey. There he found a tribe of Dusuns differing widely in language, religion, and customs from other tribes bearing that name. Marriages are performed in the forest in the presence of two families. There is no public gathering or feast. The rite consists in transferring a drop of blood from a small incision made with a wooden knife in the call of the man's leg to a similar cut in the woman's leg. After marriage the man takes the bride to her home, where he resides in future as a member of the family.

Elopement Made Easy. From the St. Louis Republic.

From the St. Louis Republic

Hillsbono, Ill., Feb. 4.—Young Lewis King of Palmyra, Ill., recently left home for Janes-ville. Wis., giving his friends to understand that he was going to study telegraphy. As a matter of fact, however, he wanted to marry Miss Nellie Hidgeway, but, being himself under age, and thinking the young lady's parents would oppose the match, he had arranged to have her follow him to Wisconsin, where they would be wedded. Mr. Hidgeway learned of the proposed elopement, and instead of objecting and locking the young lady up, he went to the father of Lewis and procured his consent to the marriage. He then took his daughter and went with her to Wisconsin, saw the young couple happilly married, presented them with a hundred-dollar bill and his blessing, and returned home.

TWO VIEWS IN AFRICA.

Capt, Bundas Sees a District Just Before and After the Masal Raided It.

When Capt Dundas went to Mount Kenia in East Africa recently, he ascended the Tana River in his stern-wheel steamboat a distance of 350 miles. After he left his steamer and was making his overland march to the great mountain, he had an opportunity to get a vivid idea of the flerce Masai on their raids. The country he was crossing was wholly unexplored. He reached a land called the Mbe country, a beautiful region of hills and cultivated valleys. He found the people hard-working and industrious, and they evinced a most friendly feeling toward the Europeans. The people were prosperous and happy. The

soll was rich and the fields fruitful. Passing on to the adjoining district of Kikuyu, the explorer met many natives who were terribly excited over the arrival in the Masai. They said the enemy was burning their villages and carrying off all the women and cattle. Cart, Dundas could to the northwest great volumes of smoke, indicating the route taken by the raiders. The explorer continued his course along the crest of a range of hills running toward the great mountain. Suddenly he came into view of the Masai, who were in the valley below. They were upward of 800 strong. Their broad one of the yards a silk patchwork quilt, on and faded hanging on the line. Instantly she stopped the car, wontinto the house and found as she know she would, an old front she had as she know she would, an old front she had seen her friend piccing in central Missouri eighteen years before.

Miss Willard in England.

Not so very many years ago a brisk and bresty little girl in a Western home. Studying the same books, romping in the same agames, fired by the same ambition as her brother, and resenting the limitations of her sphere, wondered if she ever would see anything of the world any way. And the brother, confidant and friend, ressured her with the optimistic prophecy that if she was good probabbles brother that she was a woman fasted out the little girl's tresses, lengthened her gowns, despite her bitterness and robelijon, and told her that she was a woman fast west there, was a great meeting with Lady Henry Somerset, seeking to great and swoman falked to them of temperance. All through England she has been travelling with Lady Henry Somerset, speaking to great and swoman falked to them of temperance. All through England she has been travelling with Lady Henry Somerset, speaking to great and swoman from the College avenue line. She beel need in the High School, and wasn't in the hant of standing up. The car was full, but everybody size had a seak. Seven men held down the might School and wasn't in the hant of standing up. The car was full, but everybody size had a seak. Seven men held down the she is known through her pen and by her gifts of orator, as well as by her work in philanthropy, as I need to be pen and by her gifts of orator, as well as by her work in philanthropy, as I need to be peared to be award and an early she was a standard provided the standard provided spears glistened in the sun, and they were marching in serpentine fashion toward the region from which he had just come. As his

During the recent severe weather in Sociland a very extraordinary shot was made by Sir Charles Ross's puntsman. A large number of birds were seen sitting on the ice, and the puntsman succeeded in getting within about slaify yards of thom. Some of the birds rose as the gun was fred, but the total number killed by the discharge was 140; they included several species, but the majority were plover. The gun was 1% inches in bore, and the charge 4 ounces of powder and 14 ounces of No. sahet. The shot was doubtless rendered much more destructive than it would otherwise have been, owing to the paliets akidding along on the flat zurface of the ice.

Progressive Joy.

Jens Brooklyn Life. He-Aren't you pleased with the way my moustache is growing?
She-Yes, indeed! I'm more tickled with is every time you call.